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# THE CLASSICAL JOURNAL

VOLUME I

MAY, 1906

NUMBER 6

## PHILOLOGY AND CLASSICAL PHILOLOGY<sup>1</sup>

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The professor of Greek is appropriately put forward as the talking delegate of classical philology, not because, as Sydney Smith says, Greek scholars are rude and violent except when they happen to be bishops, but because Greek has always been the best gauge of the philological temperature, from the absolute zero of the dark centuries to the blood heat of the Augustan age and the Renaissance. Latin is a necessity; Greek is the first of luxuries. "Latin," said Porson, or was it Bentley? "a man may in some sort master. Of Greek every man learns only so much as God permits." In the great ages of enthusiasm God permits a good deal. In the trough of the waves, in the intervals of reaction and depression, men try to believe that Latin alone will do as well. Greek is studied perfunctorily and without conviction, if at all, and the wail of the Greek professor goes up ever the same. In the time of Ausonius the world was settling down to the longest Greekless age since our civilization began. And his tribute in wonderfully constructed Horatian Sapphics to the unfortunate occupants of the chair of Greek at Augustodunum has a perennial pathos for their successors in like case. After celebrating the eloquence, the fees, the throngs of students, the diplomatic preferments of the professors of rhetoric, he comes to the names of those cultivators of the Attic muse, the grammarians Spercheius and Menestheus:

<sup>1</sup> In printing this paper I have made no attempt to revise the form into which ideas long familiar were hastily cast for a special occasion. P. S.

Sedulous your zeal for implanting knowledge,  
 Slight the harvest, little the Greek you taught me,  
 Yet because you fell in my time I give you  
 Hon'rab! mention.

Even so! Carve it on our tombs, ye graduates in criminology and spring-housecleaning. We fell in your time. I do not look forward to a return of the dark ages like that heralded in the verses of Ausonius. But the prognostics of a temporary obscurity of Greek are plain. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, President Stanley Hall, the Hearst newspapers, the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, and the Chicago Board of Education have pronounced against it. Of Dean Gaisford's three reasons for studying Greek: "to read the words of Christ in the original, to have situations of affluence open to me, to look down upon my fellows from a proper elevation," no illusion is any longer possible concerning the last two. And the first will carry little weight with a generation which has been taught that the Revised Version is "equally as good." In progressive America the stately edifices and the magnificent endowments fall to science. And in conservative England, if we may trust the genial author of *Sabrina Fair*: "The old schoolhouse itself has been converted into a museum, and in the long-raftered room where we learned Greek a crocodile with gaping jaws, stuffed monkeys, and some bottled snakes teach 'useful' knowledge to all who come."

Burns sneered at those who think to "climb Parnassus by dint o' Greek." And Walt Whitman, the poet of democracy, speaks up loud and bold: "Come Muse! Migrate from Greece and Ionia." While those old fogies Tennyson, Arnold, and Swinburne abided with her (Souls, erewhile who caught her word, Ah! Still harp on what they heard), the muse was loth to heed this cavalier summons. But now, exchanging the lyre for the banjo, and emancipating herself from the fetters of quantity, if not from the amiable weakness of classical allusion, she preludes to the poetry of the Greekless age in strains like these:

"I am come from beds of lotus  
 Where the oft redundant Nile  
 Still, as sings old Herodotus,  
 Ripples with unnumbered smile."

If, then, the professor of Greek—on evil days tho' fallen and evil tongues, with darkness and with dangers compassed round—has anything to allege why he should not be incontinently chloroformed and put out of the way of a hustling time, let him now utter it. And since the direct apology for Greek has become a weariness to the flesh, he may be permitted to wind into his theme by philosophical indirection.

A witty philosopher, contemplating in idealistic mood the big round globe of clay, exclaimed: "Whatever else is real, all that mud cannot be—it is too absurd." I confess to a like feeling when I review the list of papers read at the St. Louis Congress, or turn over the pages of the programme of the University of Chicago. They convert Bacon's *globus intellectualis*, or world of knowledge, into the twelve-striped rainbow-colored ball to which Plato compares the earth. It is too kaleidoscopic, too big around. I can not, as the boys say, get on to its curves. There must be some Mercator's projection that will bring it within the comprehension of the finite mind. So, pending the arrival of the new Comte or Spencer who shall give us the definitive classification of the sciences, I have adopted for my own use in the field of the *Geisteswissenschaften*, the simple and intelligible trinity—rhetoric, philosophy, philology. History, in the Herodotean sense of fact-gathering, is a preliminary "chore" in every department of study. But the historian who generalizes is a philosopher. He who elaborates a monograph is a philologist; and he who compiles a ten-volume history of the United States is a rhetorician, if he expects to be read, as Livy and the ancients knew. As for science in the stricter sense, the proper application of the term to the sciences of mind and man is the very question at issue.

These three abide then—rhetoric, philosophy, philology; if not an exhaustive division of the sciences, at least a tolerably adequate classification of their professors. They correspond to three typical ways of dealing with our common theme, mind, or the products of thought, by which alone we know mind—oratorical exploitation, ideal unification, critical interpretation. The lucid atmosphere of classical antiquity displays the three types, as it does most other elementary human phenomena, in distinctest outline.

Whoever, says Emerson (in substance), can currently recite

without book such matter, neither better nor worse, as is printed in an ordinary newspaper, is sure of fame and an audience. This is that *ἔξως* or sustained habit of continuance, that *εὐποία* or unintermitting verbal flux, in which the Sophists contemporary with Socrates, and the new Sophists of Lucian's day, the Adrians of Tyre, the Scopelians, and the torrentuous Isaeus attained such proficiency. Modern critics affect surprise at the vogue of these gentry in antiquity. "Nothing," says Professor Saintsbury, "is more tedious than a game that is out of fashion, and this game has been out of fashion for a very long time." But surely this is to mistake the accidents for the essence. The chips, the cards, the three peas have been changed, but the virtuosity that opens the pot, takes the trick, or rigs the thimble is the same, whether the theme be the *suasory* of Alexander urging the Macedonians to follow him out into Chaos; the *controversy* of the perplexed gallant with the two damsels, one of whom demanded that he hang, while the other insisted that he marry; or, in our modern fashion, an extension lecture on the "key to all mythologies," a rhapsody on the Correggiosity of Correggio, or a sociological symposium on the mollification of malefactors by sympathy and settlements. The spell of rhetoric is still potent in the university. It will not procure you a professorship of higher mathematics, or chemistry, or Indo-European philology; but it has made many a college president, and fills many a chair of philosophy, sociology, history, and English literature. It is a natural force no more to be gainsaid than youth or beauty or wealth. Today, as in antiquity, the facile, if not the torrential, flow is the prime requisite to which all else must be sacrificed. Now, as then, much depends on voice, gesture, dramatic manner, and, in the case of the paper-reading sex, on the hang of the gown and the skyline of the hat. It is as true today as when Aristotle first said it, that the multitude think that the finest style which is most adorned with purple patches, and set with poetic *flosculi*. And when we read in Quintilian that "they achieve few epigrams, but deliver everything as if they thought it was an epigram," we fancy that he must have been reviewing "Dodo," or Chesterton, or reading the selected "epigrams" from Rev. Pumpleigh Gusher's Sunday sermon in the Monday morning *Tribune*. The difference between us and

the ancients is merely that with us "eloquence" is held in check by science and philology, while with them its only rivals for the control of education and the hegemony of literature were a philosophy fast declining into rhetoric, and an erudition that failed to mature into a critical philology.

Philosophy, then, "the science of things human and divine," the ideal unification of knowledge, was in antiquity the chief rival of rhetoric. In the classification of the ancients philosophy is physics, dialectics, ethics. Modern physics, continuously progressive, supplies ever fresh matter, if not always new ideas, for the constructions of philosophy. Ancient physics advanced little beyond the genial divinations of the pre-Socratics. Plato and Aristotle virtually exhausted the combinations of speculative ideas for antiquity, if not for the world. The Epicureans and Stoics added at the most some niceties of psychological observation, some refinements of terminology. Thus philosophy identified itself more and more with ethics, and, after Aristotle, with the ethics of edification, the presentment of ideals, and the criticism of life, which in every age has been the main topic of popular and rhetorical disquisition. Theophrastus with the train of dandified students described in Athenaeus, Carneades lecturing on justice before the Second Century B. C. Club, and the *Alliance Grecque* of Rome, were as truly rhetoricians, in the favorable sense of the word, as Cousin, or Kuno Fischer of Heidelberg, or the most fêted American professor of philosophy.

The assimilation of the two disciplines is still more obvious in the time of Cicero or Plutarch, of Dio, and Maximus of Tyre. But the nearer they drew together, the keener became their competition for the control of education. Isocrates flouts the eristic and the transcendentalism of Plato. His affirmation that a broad liberal rhetorical education comprehends all that is of practical value in philosophy, is repeated with such flourishes as their nature dictates by Cicero, Quintilian, Fronto, and Aelius Aristides. And little could be urged in reply by writers whose philosophy went no deeper than that of the cynic homilist Teles, or the elegant Platonic lecturers Dio Chrysostomus and Maximus of Tyre. "Why," exclaims Quintilian, "why must the orator who talks about justice every day do fealty to the philosopher as his liege man?" The

light-armed skirmishers of literature assailed the philosopher not merely as an unintelligible mystic, but as a hypocritical puritan. "By education," says Fronto, "I mean that of the rhetors—a human education; but let us admit," he adds with bitter irony, "that the education of the philosophers is for gods." "The older philosophers," says Quintilian, "inculcated many profitable precepts. Today the title is a screen for the most hypocritical pretensions." Appian in his *Mithridatic War* makes the mischievous venture of the philosopher Ariston in Athenian politics the pretext of a diatribe against the barefoot friars and yellow preachers of his own day, whose declamations on filthy lucre and tainted money are wisely scorned, he says, by those who understand that they are the offspring of envy and the itch for notoriety. The great writers whose works have come down to us were for the most part neither silly rhetoricians nor philosophical hypocrites. Cicero, Quintilian, Seneca, Plutarch, Dio, Lucian, Epictetus, and the emperors Marcus Aurelius and Julian—all men of liberal intelligence and moral earnestness—unite in equal deprecation of rhetorical futility, scholastic pedantry, and cynic brutality or hypocrisy. The real line of demarcation between the higher philosophic and the corresponding rhetorical education was simply this: The philosophic culture rested on a genuine knowledge of the history of philosophy, and especially of the writings of Plato and Aristotle. The educated rhetorician knew his Demosthenes, the poets perhaps, and a few of the more readable passages of the *Gorgias*, *Phaedo*, *Phaedrus*, and *Republic*. To go over from rhetoric to philosophy meant, for men like Lucian or Dio, to abandon the practice of daily themes and extension lectures, live cleanly, and devote themselves to a comprehensive study of the older literature, especially of Plato.

But the line, though often obscured and easily crossed, is a real one. According to a mediaeval saying, a man is not made perfect in philosophy without knowledge of Plato and Aristotle. However, that may be, such knowledge is in itself a liberal education, which the ability to imitate the style of Demosthenes, though a brilliant accomplishment, is not. Aelius Aristides, for all his astonishing virtuosity, is a foolish fellow. Themistius, whose panegyrics of the Constantines are on the level of the age, reveals himself as a scholar

and a brother in his acute commentaries on Aristotle. And the latest neo-Platonic commentators, by virtue of this exact and discriminating knowledge, retain in the estimation of the few who turn aside to cultivate their acquaintance an enviable place in the world's succession and choir invisible of intelligent men.

Meanwhile between these mighty opposites, rhetoric and philosophy, there developed unhonored, if not unobserved, another type of student, variously denominated the *grammatistes*, the *grammaticus*, the *litterator*, the *litteratus*, the critic, and even the *philologer*. Whatever his title, he is easily distinguished from his more conspicuous brethren. He does not strut upon the stage or soar to the empyrean, but burrows in libraries, buzzes in corners about *μιν* and *σφιν*, and crawls wormlike over yellowing parchments. He seeks not the applause of audiences or the formula of the universe, but knowledge—meticulous, pettifogging knowledge; knowledge of books, not life, it may be; of words, not things perhaps; but still exact, minute, precise, critical knowledge. The knowledge of nature advanced but slightly from Hippocrates to Galen. But literature and the record of human experience rolled up like a snowball in the centuries that followed Homer. The "literary deluge" does not date from the twentieth century. La Bruyère's "tout est dit" is thus expounded in advance by the epic poet Choerilus:

Happy the singer to whom the Muse's service was known  
 In the glad springtime of the world when the meadows were still unmown.  
 But now when all is apportioned and parcelled with mete and with bound,  
 When knowledge has grown to its height and the limits of art have been found,  
 We linger as late-come rivals, in the rear of the emulous throng,  
 Peering for place to admit the new-yoked car of our song.

"Poet unto poet uttereth wisdom," said Bacchylides, "and hard it is to unbar the gates of new minstrelsy." The world into which Plato entered was already almost weary of philosophic debate, Pater truly tells us. The age of Pericles produced at least a thousand excellent tragedies, and Athenaeus had read eight hundred plays of the Middle Comedy alone. The booksellers had on sale more than two hundred orations of one orator, Lysias. The titles of essays cited in Athenaeus, Plutarch, and Diogenes Laertius could be paralleled only in the list of the books which Pantagruel found in the



library of St. Victor, or in the complaint by Democritus junior—"more books every day, pamphlets, currantoes, stories, whole catalogues of volumes of all sorts." On this mass of material the brazen-entrained polymaths and pronoun-splitting grammarians batted and fed, creating the scholarship and criticism of Alexandria, Pergamon, and Rome. The names of their lucubrations read like a catalogue of German doctoral dissertations. You will not easily distinguish ancient from modern titles in the following authentic list: "A Letter to a Friend on the Lengthening of Syllables in the (Lost) Epic Poets;" "Concerning an Obscure Quality of Hash Mentioned in the New Comedy;" "On the Wicker Wagon Used by Agesilaus in Xenophon's Biography of Him;" "On Aristophanes' Fit of Hiccoughs in the Platonic *Symposium*;" "The Literature of Cookies;" "On Zeus Shoofly at Olympia;" "Concerning Rhodian Mice;" "On a Peculiar Shell-Fish Mentioned by Alcaeus;" "A Logarithmic Table of the Quantities of the Last Five Syllables of Every Sentence in Plato's Dialogues."

But though we may be amused by the resemblances, we must not forget the essential difference. The erudition of antiquity was rarely informed by the spirit of the critical philologist. The greatest of the scholars of Alexandria or Pergamon—a Callimachus, an Eratosthenes, a Zenodotus, an Aristarchus, a Polemo, a Crates of Mallos—might merit the name. Here and there a Roman—a Varro, a Hyginus, a Valerius Flaccus—might lay claim to it from the sheer mass, if not the critical quality, of their erudition. But the majority of them were hack-teachers for whom the petty details of scholarship were informed by no larger conception. The average scholar is a teacher in every age. "For what course," asks Burton, "shall he take, being now capable and ready? The most parable and easy is to teach school." In antiquity, however, he was not merely a teacher, but a drudge, distinctly subordinate to his more brilliant colleague, the rhetor. He was the *γραμματιστής* who taught the boys their letters, or at the most the *γραμματικός* who interpreted poetry with them, not for its own sake as a high and independent discipline of all the faculties, and the key to the knowledge of man, but merely as a means of stocking the rhetorical aspirant with turns of speech and literary allusions. Thus he became

the butt of the wits in his twofold character of pedant, and starveling schoolmaster, *invisum pueris virginibusque caput*. "All our Irish bulls are Greek," said Wendell Phillips. Certainly all gibes at the needy pedant are. "If it were not for the doctors," said the great jurist Ulpian, "there would be no creature so foolish as a grammarian." The anthologies have preserved some of the epigrams discharged at these "children of Momus," "whelps of Zenodotus," "hounds of Callimachus," "acanthologists who grub and nose in the gardens of the Muse":

Vessels of wrath we pedagogues, and better we were dead,  
Who by the wrath of Peleus' son must get our daily bread.

To ease my piteous case, the cases five of grammar  
And Pindar and Callimachus I'd sell beneath the hammer.

Boon grammar, hail! that teachest hungry scholars  
To coin the wrath of Peleus' son in dollars.

The unhappy pedagogue, Juvenal and Lucian tell us, was expected to serve his patrons as a walking classical dictionary and Greek lexicon. He must be prepared at instant summons to enlighten Texas on the true meaning of *βαπτίζω*, to pronounce on the Latinity of the Arkansas state motto, to illumine Missouri on the present state of the Ithacan question, and to illustrate *in corpore vili* the Greek mode of wearing the chiton. At dinner or on the way to the bath he must be able to give off-hand the name of the nurse of Anchises, and the number of the ships Agamemnon loaned to the Arcadians—things, as Seneca caustically observes, which ought to be unlearned if you did know them. Tiberius, Suetonius tells us, tested his grammarians by asking them (in the version of Sir Thomas Browne) "what song the sirens sang, and what was Achilles' name when he hid himself among the women?" And he put to death one who endeavored to anticipate the ordeal by questioning his attendants about his reading. Didymus, the bibliolath, was confronted in debate by a citation from one of his own books—an accident which has happened to others. Many put up a bluff and boldly cited authors who existed only in their own imagination. The sensible Quintilian, therefore, counts it among the virtues of a grammarian to be ignorant of some things, anticipating and perhaps suggesting Pope's "not to know some trifles is a praise."

In the decline of the Empire the scholarship of the ancients, failing to develop a serious criticism, inevitably lost itself more and more in this trifling, which often they themselves hardly took more seriously than we do Calverley's Pickwick examination paper. In *which* wrist did Diomedes wound Aphrodite? Why is Ajax the twentieth soul to draw the lot in Plato's *Republic*? Did Hercules lose his hair when he was in what Mark Twain calls the *society* of the Trojan whale? At the cannibal banquet served by Tantalus to the gods, was it Ares or Demeter that ate the missing link of Pelops' shoulder? Such are the questions with which Herbert Spencer fondly imagined the classical scholar to be still engaged, and such are the "problems" half seriously examined in Plutarch's convivial *Questions* and Aulus Gellius' *Attic Nights*. One of the learned of Athenaeus' Deipnosophists declined to taste of any dish till he had asked *κεῖται ἢ οὐ κεῖται*—is the name of it found in any good classical author?—anticipating and outbidding the purism of Fox and Mr. Pater, who advise the scholar to eschew words not found in Johnson's dictionary. But as in the undeveloped condition of science Herodotus and Strabo had no criterion of probability by which to test travelers' tales, so men like Seneca and Epictetus, in the absence of true philological criticism, were unable to distinguish nice from nugatory questions. Seneca actually blasphemes and says that life is too short to inquire whether the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were written by one poet. And Gellius refuses to publish in his *Nights* the researches of a scholar who studied the nature of the lock with which Eurycleia closed Telemachus' bed-chamber, and inquired why Telemachus waked his bed-fellow Pisistratus with his foot instead of his fist—an excess of editorial severity which would have condemned the excursus on Greek locks in Diels's *Parmenides*, and refused a hearing to the controversy between Wilamowitz and Andrew Lang on the feasibility of Telemachus' removing his tunic while sitting on the edge of his bed.

The distinction, of course, overlooked by the mocker, is that pedantries which are the be-all and end-all of decaying ancient erudition are merely the weedy undergrowth and parasitic exuberance of progressive modern philology. As Renan justly says: "To appreciate the significance of the historic sciences we must not

ask what is the value of this or that obscure dissertation or trivial monograph; we must contemplate in its entirety the revolution wrought by philology, and inquire what the human mind was before it had undergone the discipline of philological culture, and what it has since become."

In the economic decay of the Roman Empire, the science and the erudition of Alexandria and Augustan Rome expired in epitomes and résumés, leaving rhetoric and neo-Platonic philosophy to divide the intellectual world. The dark ages had much philosophy of a kind, some science, a little rhetoric, and, significant fact, no philology or Greek. With the Renaissance all things were born anew—rhetoric and neo-Platonic philosophy, as was natural, in the lead. Next in order of honor, if not of time, came science in continuation of the mediaeval, or revival of the classical tradition. Philology and criticism were the humble handmaids of rhetoric, the instruments of the restoration of philosophy and science; the mere aids to a Ciceronian Latinity and the overthrow of monkish barbarism. So it seemed. But now, after four hundred years of progress, rhetoric, though still potent with the populace, is kept in due place by science and philology. Philosophy, retiring before the advance of science to the *terra incognita* of the marginal map, has the option of remaining essentially rhetoric or becoming essentially philology. And philology, the critical history of the human spirit, disputes with the sciences of nature the primacy in education and the hegemony of modern culture.

What is this philology? It is the old bookishness, the old erudition, the old scholarship—with a difference. Plato's account of the education of the child through *mythoi* and *logoi* symbolizes the education of humanity. The creators of myths, folk-lore, and the primitive Bibles murmur and croon to its cradle. The bards and balladists hold the ear of its boyhood with tales of epic adventure. The lyrists sing the loves and hates of its passionate adolescence. The dramatists and novelists mirror the human tragi-comedy for the entertainment of its maturity. To these must be added the great imaginative constructions of philosophy, each, as Plato says, a myth of the loves and hates of the elements, their marriages and offspring; or each, in Bacon's phrase, a drama of existence holding

the stage so long as the naïve reason can deem it final. And there is history, too, the story of poor humanity's afflicted will—a *fable convenue*, the skeptic warns us—written for story-telling, not for demonstration, as Quintilian says.

But this is not the end. Mature man is not content merely to listen to the *mythoi*, spellbound by their charm, dimly aware of their symbolic and allegorical meanings. Nor is it enough for him to exploit them didactically in the school-room and the pulpit, or imitate and try to reproduce them in his own conscious creative endeavors. The secular accumulation of λόγοι and μῦθοι builds up, over against the material world, a whole world of letters and books—a substantial world both pure and good, as Wordsworth tells us, in which the poet and the dreamer may find refuge—but also a boundless realm of chaotic, potential, half-realized knowledge appealing to the instincts of acquisition, classification, criticism, with as imperious a solicitation as that exercised by the more vivid worlds of life and nature. Polymathy and erudition take possession of this domain. Philology and criticism follow in their train to survey and subdue. Satire of the one is as vain as the pretension of science to supersede the other. They are abiding instincts and interests of human nature. “I knew him in Padua” (says the Duchess of Malfi)—“a fantastical scholar—like such who study to know how many knots was in Hercules’ club, of what color Achilles’ beard was, or whether Hector were not troubled with the toothache.” Do you think Casaubon or Domini Sampson can be awed from the career of his humor by such paper pellets as these? The unperturbed polymath merely notes with interest that Webster is displaying his acquaintance with the seventh satire of Juvenal, and adds the passage to the list, that begins with Heraclitus’ πολυμαθὴ νοῦν οὐ διδάσκει. And when the twentieth century physicist or progressive philosopher boasts with Descartes that his laboratory is his library, or proclaims with Herbert Spencer that he has never read Kant, and knows nothing of the great classics, the critic and philologist smiles grimly in anticipation of what he will discover in the books they will surely write, the historical generalizations they will inevitably put forth, the classical allusions from which they simply can not refrain.

The instinct of bookishness is now as deep-seated in man as that of work or play or fighting or "doing things." Spring fever, the kindergarten, the laboratory, the gymnasium, may expel it with a fork—it will still recur. Those who quote,

Small have continual plodders ever won  
Save base authority from others' books,

are apt to forget to add the significant comment:

How well he's read to reason against reading.

Shakespeare might well say so. The diatribe against reading is apparently inspired by Montaigne's chapter on pedantry, in which, to prove the futility of classical erudition, Montaigne himself quotes thirty-six passages from the classics in six pages. Burton himself denounces "critics, grammatical triflers . . . foolish note-makers, bumble bees"—till he pulls himself up with the reflection: "I am liable to the lash as well as others." Hazlitt's brilliant diatribe on the ignorance of scholars is largely cribbed from Burton. The essays in which Emerson exhorts us to fling away our books and rely on our own genius are literally centos of unacknowledged quotations pieced together from extracts pasted on the walls of his study. "Books, 'tis a dull and endless strife," cries Wordsworth, but returns to his classics and writes "Laodamia" and "Intimations of Immortality." "Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books," shrieks the hysterical lover in "Maud;" but Tennyson himself was one of the most widely read in the noble succession of English scholar-poets, and fell asleep at last book in hand. "Flieh! auf hinaus ins weite Land," cries Faust, curses the books that oppress his spirit, and incontinently sells himself to the devil. Man is inevitably a worshiper of the *λόγος*—the word that distinguishes him from the brute, the word that created thought, poetry, religion, and the beauty of the world.

For no thought of man made gods to love or honor  
Ere the song within the silent soul began,  
Nor could earth in dream or deed take heaven upon her  
Till the word was clothed with speech by lips of man.

If the spoken word is more vivid, the written word abides, and in its cumulated potency dominates his spirit more and more with every added century of civilization.

Man is, in short, a reading animal. If he has few books, he will interpret them fanatically and fantastically; and the result is the civilization of the Koran or the Latin Vulgate. If he has many, he will collect them like postage-stamps, list them in British Museum catalogues and Callimachan *πίνακες τῶν ἐν πάσῃ παιδείᾳ διαλαμψάντων*, gossip about them with the Deipnosophists and Mr. Andrew Lang, make extracts with the elder Pliny, or commentaries with Didymus and Simplicius, imitate them with Virgil, Shakespeare, and Tennyson, quote them with Bacon, Burton, and Montaigne—write doctoral dissertations on them as we do. And finally, by nature's wasteful method, from all this pedantic travail of bookishness is born the scholarship of Alexandria and Pergamon, the humanism of Florence and Rome, the philology of Göttingen and Berlin, whereby he comes to understand his books and the human spirit and himself as he can in no other way. I say deliberately "in no other way"—not even by the progress of physical knowledge. The absurdity of assailing "science" and proclaiming with French mystics and reactionaries its "bankruptcy" is so patent that an audience ought to give a presumably rational speaker credit for some other intention when he endeavors to qualify with a few distinctions and reservations the claim of certain "scientists" to monopolize all intellectual interests and regulate all existence out of hand. Let us take for granted the wonderful industrial and economic revolution wrought by science, which surely needs no further iteration in these days when we are literally allowed to hear of nothing else. I am not sustaining the barren thesis that "there is nothing new under the sun." I merely wish to remind you of certain persistently neglected considerations that should modify the popular conception of the nature, extent, and causes of "progress," so far as it affects the spiritual life of the educated minority of mankind.

No iteration will ever make it true that it is modern science which has given to educated men the ideas of the reign of law, the continuity of natural process, the universality of mechanical causation, the infinity of space and time, the production of new qualities by the integration of indistinguishable elements, the plasticity and evolution of organic forms and the necessity, yet the impossibility, of explaining mind in terms of matter. True or false, with or without qualifica-

tion, these ideas and their consequences were as familiar to Democritus, Plato, Epicurus, Lucretius, Cicero, and Marcus Aurelius, as to Huxley and Tyndall. The superadded details of verifiable knowledge with which we can illustrate them make an infinite difference for science, invention, economic progress, and it may be for popular education. They make little or none for speculative philosophy, imaginative cosmogony, the conflict of rationalism and superstition, and the transcending by enlightened criticism of primitive religious, ethical, and social ideas.

The cosmogonies of the pre-Socratics, of Plato's *Timaeus*, of Lucretius, of Cicero's *Dream of Scipio*, are of no scientific value. For the overthrow of superstition, the inspiration of poetry, the imaginative emancipation of human thought, they are of precisely the same significance as Kant's "General Theory of the Heavens" or Spencer's restatement of the nebular hypothesis in terms of Empedocles' cycles of love and hate, aggregation and segregation, evolution and dissolution. So far as they bear on ethics, religion, or poetry, the problems of "other worlds than ours" and of "man's place in the universe" remain after the books of Proctor and Wallace precisely where they were left by Anaxagoras and Democritus. Sir Oliver Lodge's latest article on "Life" contains no thought or suggestion that educated ancients could not and did not derive from Lucretius' treatment of the theme, or from Aristotle's much-ridiculed definition of the soul. The correct theory of the solar system is a detail whose significance vanishes in the illimitable inane of Lucretius, the aeonian cycles of Empedocles and Heraclitus, the vast symbolism of Plato's world-soul. Copernicus liberated only those whom the mediaeval "Aristotle" had shut in a crystalline shell. Every student of antiquity could say with Burton: "We may likewise insert with Campanella and Brunus, that which Pythagoras, Aristarchus Samius, Heraclitus, Epicurus, Melissus, Democritus, Leucippus maintained in their ages, there be infinite worlds, and infinite earths or systems *in infinito aethere*."

Even so modern biology and geology have opened up the dark backward and abysm of time only to those for whom the literal interpretation of Genesis had closed the vistas of endless growth and change, upon which the Greek turned a fearless and curious gaze. "Anything



might happen in the course of endless time," says Herodotus, speaking of secular geological changes in the Nile valley. Plato in his *Laws* uses language strikingly like that which in Shelley's "Queen Mab" is the result of poetic brooding on the revelations of modern science:

The human race either had no beginning at all or began an immense while ago, and thousands and thousands of cities have come into being during this period and as many perished. And there have been constitutions and destructions of states, and all sorts of pursuits both orderly and disorderly, strange appetites and strange foods and drinks, and all sorts of changes of climates and seasons, *in which animals may be expected to have undergone innumerable transformations of themselves.*

A new poetry, inspired solely by science, is promised us. But meanwhile there is no emotion or large idea of the scientific specialist that does not find its noblest expression in the ancient poets and philosophers. The details are irrelevant and add nothing to the inspiration of the Greek spirit freshly entering upon its heritage in that "brave new world." Clifford's cosmic emotion can not rise above the prayer of Marcus Aurelius: "Nothing is untimely to me, oh universe, that is seasonable to thee. The poet saith 'dear city of Cecrops.' Shall not I say dear city of God?" The agnostic asks no better formula than that of Xenophanes (in Matthew Arnold's paraphrase):

Hither and thither spins the wind-borne mirroring soul,  
A thousand glimpses wins  
And never sees a whole.

The mystic, the idealist, and the rational teleologist find all their texts in Plato. The triumphant hymn of dogmatic materialism is written once for all not by La Mettrie, or D'Holbach, or Haeckel, but in Lucretius' *De rerum natura*, as is proved by all attempts to supersede it from André Chénier and Erasmus Darwin to Mathilde Blind. Can any admirer of Darwin, Pasteur, or Röntgen add a new scientific shiver to the *divina voluptas atque horror* that thrilled the Roman disciple:

Quod sic natura tua vi  
tam manifesta potens ex omni parte relecta est?

The modern poet's

Past the wall unsurmounted that bars out our vision with iron and fire  
He hath sent forth his soul for the stars to comply with and suns to conspire,

is as true in any spiritual sense of Democritus as it is of Newton to whom Chénier transferred it. And the director of the Yerkes telescope himself could tell Ptolemy much about the measurements of sun-spots, but could add nothing to the astronomer's feeling of the sublimity of his task:

Child of a day death-doomed am I, yet when I search the stars  
And trace their orbits with thought's measuring rod,  
Spurning the earth I tread on air, my spirit bursts its bars  
And tastes ambrosia at the throne of God.

Swinburne's hymn to the liberated soul of man,

His spirit outsounding the sea  
Asks no more witness or warning from temple or tripod or tree,

is as apt a description of Lucretius and Lucian as it is of Huxley or Renan.

His soul to his soul is a law, and his mind is a light to his mind  
—of whom shall it be said, if not of Cleanthes, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius?

It would take us too far afield to try to verify Emerson's statement that "Plato is philosophy and philosophy Plato, at once the glory and the shame of mankind, since neither Saxon nor Roman has availed to add any idea to his categories." Let it pass for an hyperbole, though it is far nearer to sober truth than Jowett's plausible assertion that Plato's conception of nature is too remote from ours to be reproduced to modern eyes. But on the lower plane of popular exposition and controversy the dialogues of Cicero offer the closest parallels to the discussion in the English magazines of the past two decades of such topics as agnosticism, religion, and science; ethics without a sanction, the hedonistic and the Stoic ideals, the relative truth of popular religion, and the like; while you will search them in vain for anything that approaches in silliness the debate between Huxley and Gladstone on the swine of Gadara. So again, before dogmatizing *a priori* that modern philosophy and modern science must have revolutionized the ideas of educated men, one should have examined the vast repertory of skeptical arguments collected by Sextus Empiricus in which everything of Hume, Kant, or the positivists that affects our total conception of life is anticipated. One should have observed in Lucian the spectacle of every imaginable

form of Mormonism, Dowieism, Christian Science, theurgy, psychical research, table-rapping, telepathy, levitation, and phantasms of the living and the dead confronted by an imperturbable and smiling rationalism, as firmly based on philosophical and scientific certitude as the convictions of a Huxley or a Renan. And one should have studied the ethical religion of Marcus Aurelius—apart from revelation, as his greatest biographer said, the absolute religion—that which results from the sole fact of a high moral consciousness face to face with the universe. The impact of all this upon the modern spirit can be measured only by noting how completely in the revolt from mediaevalism the leading minds of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries lived and moved and had their being in the atmosphere of this generalized classical criticism of life. And all this, and much more, is for us the gift of “philology.”

It was philology and criticism that made the Renaissance and the Reformation, restored philosophy, and reconstituted the sciences. And if the eighteenth-century “enlightenment” drew its inspiration equally from the intoxication of the new wine of science, its chief method and instrument was still the criticism of texts and the human tradition. The nineteenth-century renaissance of wonder and poetry, its quickened historic sense, and its general conception of evolution are due, more than to any other single cause, to the new philology that emerged in Germany from the gradual revival and accumulation of eighteenth-century erudition. Throughout the past four hundred years the revolutions of opinion, the march of ideas, the epoch-making books, have proceeded in as large a measure from philology and criticism as from physical science.

Visionaries will wave this aside as a mere historic accident, a temporary eddy in the stream of evolution. Science, the latest birth of time, is destined to supersede our bookish traditions and bungling industrialism by feeding mankind on synthetic bread, and establishing a new ethic aesthetics and sociology on the firm basis of biology and chemistry. It is vain to argue with prophets. But, in view of the actual impotence of science to check a pullulation of grotesque superstitions in the United States of America, comparable only to that observed in the decay of the Roman Empire, there is something pathetic in the illusion that the multiplication

of experts is destined within any calculable time to alter the fundamental constitution of man, or substitute for the accumulated wisdom of the ages summary formulas for the understanding and control of human nature. No rational man assigns limits to the discoveries of science in its own field. But two facts will remain too large to be swallowed by any formula, too stubborn to be dissolved in any universal solvent of pseudo-scientific method—the essential quality of human nature, and the stupendous aggregate of knowledge concerning it accumulated by modern philology. The constitution of new “sciences of man,” in virtual if not admitted defiance of them, today engages the attention of many brilliant and ingenious minds. It will not succeed; and its only outcome will be a few catchwords, points of view, metaphors, and tentative generalizations added to the vocabulary, adapted to the methods, tested by the criticism and sense of humor of less systematic, but more sober and comprehensive, thinkers, who, whether philological specialists or not, will dwell in an atmosphere created by philology, and will work in the philological and historic spirit. Such thinkers have been for the past hundred years, and are today, the real leaders of modern thought and, despite occasional concessions to the spirit of system, they do not take seriously the new physiological aesthetics, the biological ethics, the abstract sociology, the vigorous and rigorous “science” of literature and literary criticism. Open to suggestions from these or any sources, their final reliance for the knowledge of humanity is on the total history of the human spirit, ascertained by patient philological and critical study of its chief products.

Read the wide world’s annals you, and take their wisdom for your friend. No progress in the established physical sciences can supersede this programme; and to this test all alleged new sciences of man must submit themselves.

To the construction of the palace of thought philology has contributed no less than physical science. For that blank Platonic vista of an indeterminate past it has substituted corridor after corridor of classified and labeled knowledge down which the eye of imagination ranges to the far vanishing-point. In the vast museum-temple of humanity reared for him by philology the soul of man moves with less bewilderment, but no less awe, than the Ionian Hecataeus

felt in the presence of the three hundred and sixteen Egyptian colossi (Piromis born of Piromis in secular succession) who rebuked his puny boast of Hellenic antiquity. Nineveh and Babylon are no longer mere names to point the moral or adorn the tale of a fabled Sardanapalus and Semiramis. We have read the wedge-shaped runes graven in clay, and our spades have scared the lion from the the courts where Jamshyd or Nebuchadnezzar gloried and drank deep, and laid bare the vast temples and palaces that rose "far in desert history":

Oh when upon each sculptured court,  
Where e'en the winds might not resort,  
O'er which time passed of like import  
With the wild Arab boys at sport,  
A living face looked in to see;  
Oh seemed it not, the spell once broke,  
As though the carven warriors woke,  
As though the shaft the string forsook,  
The cymbals clashed, the chariots shook,  
And there was life in Nineveh?

The picture-writing of Egypt, deciphered by Champollion and his disciples has taught us more of Isis and Osiris and the dog Anubis than was dreamt of in the guesses of Herodotus and the allegories of Plutarch. The Brahmins are no longer a vague symbol of mysticism or theme of incredible travelers' tales. We are aware of the roots of their language in our daily speech, and have read the hymns which their forefathers chanted by the five rivers before Homer sang or "Ilion like a mist rose into towers." Homer himself is no longer the limit of imaginative retrospect that he was to Herodotus and Pausanias. Mycenae, Tiryns, the six cities of Hissarlik, and the Gnosian palace of Minos have given a local habitation if not a name, to the "brave men who were living before Agamemnon."

But this extension of the prehistoric vista is as nothing compared with the expanse of knowledge that opens when with Homer and the Bible we enter the main stream of our own spiritual development. Old and New Testament biblical criticism; the Homeric question (in its archaeological, aesthetic, or critical aspects); the institutional history of Greece and Rome; Greek and Roman epigraphy and archaeology; the Platonic question; the origins and the text of the

Greek drama; the problem of early Roman history; the development of Latin literature from Greek, and of the modern literatures from both; the origins and conflicts of Christianity and of neo-Platonism; the secular and alternate domination of human thought by Plato and Aristotle; the revival of learning; the progress of classical scholarship; its subdivision into specialties and their portentous multiplication of detailed knowledge indexed in libraries of exegesis, criticism, and lexicography; the creation, in emulation or imitation, of oriental, Romance, Teutonic, Slavonic, and English philology in all their endless ramifications; the reconstruction of the history of every art and science; the perpetual rewriting of the history of philosophy; the comparative history of religions ever begun anew and never completed; the definite constitution of a universal comparative science of language; the ideal of a comparative study, if not "science," of literature—not even the physical sciences' revelation of the infinitely great and the infinitely little in nature is more overwhelming to the thoughtful mind than the contemplation of the stupendous stores of knowledge and triumphs of critical ingenuity which these random rubrics cover.

The historic, the critical, the philological, the psychological—if you please, the scientific—method that has achieved these things is as essential an organ of modern culture as is the experimental interrogation of nature in the laboratory. They reckon ill who leave this out from their *a priori* constructions of human nature and their forecasts of its future. Their little systems will have their day, and philology will abide—the philosophy of man completely conscious of himself—the only plummet that he can trust to sound the unfathomed depths of the human spirit: *ψυχῆς πείρατα οὐκ ἂν εὖροις—οὕτω βαθὺν ἔχει λόγον*.

The individual philologist is a puny creature indeed in the shadow of the colossal achievement of philology. "We are not men," confesses Scaliger, "but parts of man." *Ex omnibus aliquid fieri potest, ex singulis fere nihil*. "They are *logophils*, not *philologs*," said Zeno. "They define grammar," says Sextus Empiricus, "as 'the knowledge of the best that has been thought and said,' but they spend their time in inquiry whether *ηδος* in Plato should receive rough or smooth breathing on the first or second syllable, or both, or neither."

And so when we boast that modern philology is the critical history of the human spirit, the skeptic will shrug his shoulders and say: "It may be so, but the *homunculus philologicus*, when captured in his buzzing corner or bombinating vacuum and examined under the microscope, is generally found to be engaged in 'perfecting his theory of the irregular verbs.' He is 'settling *ὄτι*'s business' or properly basing *ὅτι*."

This is in the first instance an indictment of human nature. So the poet's eye, "in fine frenzy rolling," seeks the evasive rhyme. The orator calculates his gestures and prearranges his cadences as well as his arguments. If we desire the end, we must accept the means. It is only within a generation that the practical applications of science have silenced the flouts of the wits at the coleopterist and the species-monger. But the pedantic philologist remains as in antiquity the special butt of the *litterateur*, because their faculties are exercised about the same material—words, phrases, ideas. He "poaches in Suidas for unlicensed Greek," while they browse in Montaigne or the mottoes of the *Spectator* for apt second-hand quotations. They escape the stigma of pedantry and elude the responsibilities of accuracy by omitting quotation marks. He sturdily declares with old Burton: "I cite and quote my authors which, howsoever some account pedantical as a cloak of ignorance and opposite to their affected fine style, I must and will use." He produces five thousand doctoral dissertations to be read only by the authors of the next five thousand. They compose five thousand short stories to be rejected by *Collier's Weekly*. I had as lief endure the pedantry of heaviness as the constraint of affected lightness and the enslavement of all American literature to what the able editor of the *Atlantic* calls "the readable proposition." If I deprecate the excess of specialism in classical philologists, it is not in concession to belletristic persiflage or in the belief that "it is more blessed to gush than to construe."

There is an air of paradox in suggesting that the part is broader than the whole, and that it is more incumbent upon the classical philologist to be a large and liberally educated man than it is upon the "philologist" as such. All depends on the meaning of "classical." If it is a convenient category for everything from Homer to

Justinian—Silius Italicus “et tous ces garçons là”—classical philology is a specialty like another. But if classic be taken in its original sense as of the supreme class; if it means all that is included in Sainte-Beuve’s notable defining essay; if it means all that distinguishes Homer from the *Nibelungen Lied*, Sophocles from Ibsen, Pindar from Rudyard Kipling, then the philology of the classics differs from the sister-disciplines, not merely in accumulated wealth, and precision of method, not merely in historic scope and significance, but essentially and inherently in the spiritual quality and worth of its content. The temper of the age is hostile to such a claim. People are tired of hearing Aristides called the “just” and Sophocles the “perfect,” and deem it a sign of superior profundity to prefer Ibsen. College presidents keep in type for every speech Macaulay’s paragraph about the growth of modern literature since the days when Lady Jane Grey could find nothing better to read than the *Phaedo*, and they repeat in every report President Eliot’s complacent enumeration of the professorships which an enlightened policy has added to the old narrow curriculum. The superstition of authority has been replaced by the superstition of “progress”—progress being, as a bright woman once defined it, “anything that comes along.” But superstition for superstition one would rather, like the men of the Renaissance, embrace all ancient writers from pseudo-Musaeus to Proclus in an indiscriminating worship, than approach the great spirits of the past in the condescending temper, and measure them by the *a priori* formulas of illiterate modernity. The man who ranks Silius Italicus with Virgil because both wrote Latin may be taught to discriminate. But no spiritual X-ray will ever pierce the formula-plated precocity of the youngster who knows in advance that the literature of democracy is more highly evolved than that of feudalism or the city-state can be; who thinks that Dante and Milton are obsolete because of their theology; who genuinely believes that the philosophic style of Herbert Spencer is a finer instrument of expression than that of Plato and Aristotle; and who supposes that the superiority of a battleship to a trireme is a reasonable measure of the advance in criticism of life to be expected in passing from Aeschylus and Sophocles to Bernard Shaw.



This is no caricature. It is a temper and creed found not merely among the readers of the Hearst newspapers, but among our own colleagues. As technical and general philologists we shall find it hard to combat. In that domain we too must affect the impartiality of the "scientific method." The pre-eminence, I do not say the predominance, of classical studies depends on our faith that, though as philologists we stand on the common plane of the historic method, as classical philologists, humanists, and teachers we are dealing with the nobler and more precious material.

Faith in the merely aesthetic and artistic superiority of the classics we all profess with our lips. But the substantive value of their content we are apt to ignore in our own thought and in our teaching. As Professor Santayana finely says: "We study the past as a dead object, as a ruin, not as an authority and an experiment." And so studying it we virtually concede the whole case to our opponents, and treat the great classic writers as at the best children of genius, whose productions may now and then titillate the aesthetic sense, but possess no further significance for our serious thought. This may be the right frame of mind for the study of "curled and oiled Assyrian bulls," slab-sided Egyptians, or kitchen-midden vikings; it will never enable us to do justice to the men who reared the Parthenon and carved the Apoxyomenos. It makes of Homer a sealed book both to the historic and the aesthetic apprehension. And language fails to characterize its absurdity when it takes the form of apology for the primitive logic of Plato, or condescension to the dilettanteism of Cicero, or deprecation of the rhetoric and alleged childish superstition of the scholars and gentlemen of the Graeco-Roman empire. The very first condition of understanding and interpreting these men is the frank recognition that they are our equals; and the fact that we are acquainted with some things which they could not know is of no more significance than the fact that every member of a modern university is grossly ignorant of matters which are the ABC of education to his colleagues.

The prevailing attitude of philologists toward Cicero's philosophic writings, for example, is wrong through failure in what Mrs. Ward calls "historic translation." We ought to recognize, as intelligent French critics do, that they are absolutely, and not merely in rela-

tion to their time, more rational *parerga* of a statesman's leisure than are either Gladstone's Homeric allegories or his precious controversy with Huxley about the harmonies of genesis and evolution. In the light of the higher reason, Cicero is the free, mature intelligence, and Gladstone is the child of genius for whom historical allowance must be made. His thought still wears the shackles, and his vision is still dimmed by the mists, of the centuries of unreason. The unfettered spirits of antiquity move delicately ever through the luminous ether of free, disinterested thought, and looking forth in calm, undismayed contemplation "see life steadily and see it whole." "The very skirts of their garments are free," as Swinburne finely says, "from the pollution that still clings to the singing robes of a Dante and a Milton." The humanity which they teach—not the superficial humanities, *belles-lettres*, and Latin verse-writing, but the essential humanity of reason, beauty, freedom, and law—has been our chief emancipator from the grotesque extravagances of mediaevalism, and is still the best corrective of whatever is excessive, exaggerated, sentimental, undisciplined, and overstrained in modern life and letters. But to learn these lessons from them we must cease to regard them merely as linguistic exercises, or historical problems. Even the Middle Age had learned from the allegory of Martianus Capella that the bridesmaids of philology are the seven liberal arts. The noble educational ideal of the Renaissance was based largely on the study of the classics for their content. But, indeed, we need not to go back to Vittorino da Feltre or Rabelais or Milton for this conception of classical study. The sober and scientific intelligence of Mill gives this as his reason for the belief that the superiority of classical literature for education is still more marked than that of the classical languages. "They contain," he says, "a treasure that does not admit of being bodily transferred and which has been very imperfectly carried off even piece-meal—the treasure of what has been called the wisdom of life—the rich store of experience of human nature and conduct which the acute and observing minds of those ages, aided by the greater simplicity of manners and life, conveyed to their writings, and most of which retains all its value."

This is the ideal of classical study which I would reaffirm. Be-

cause we can no longer learn the arts and sciences from the classics, we have rashly inferred that they have nothing to teach us. The wisdom of life and letters, too, is now taught from systematic modern handbooks of psychology, ethics, political science, sociology, rhetoric, literary criticism. We can not hope to convince the authors of these treatises or the great mass of students that these things, in the elements at least and initial stage, may be more effectively learned through humanistic studies. But we may show our own students that through such studies largely interpreted they may combine with discipline and aesthetic delight something of the philosophic breadth which they seemed to renounce in electing the classical and philological curriculum. But to do this we must first realize it ourselves. We must harmonize in ourselves the conflicting aims of humanism, erudition, and "research." The humanist steepes his spirit in the "things that are more excellent." The polymath cries

Prate not of most or least  
Painful or easy.  
Even to the crumbs I'd fain eat up the feast;  
Aye, nor feel queasy.

The professional philologist made in Germany affects an awesome scientific objectivity. There *are* no more excellent things. All are alike grist for the mill, material for the method, *Bausteine* for the tower of Babel. The *Kawi-Sprache* is as good a text for *Bemerkungen* as Greek. The *Iliad* is tribal literature, and so is a Hottentot folk-song. The *science* of literature does not judge; it observes and records. "The accident that an author's works are lost," says Teuffel, "must not affect the space assigned to him in my *Literaturgeschichte*." "The law of literature," says Norden, "is progress. Objective literary investigation has nothing to do with the question whether the progress is for better or worse."

These truisms of the specialist are pernicious paradoxes to the humanist and the teacher. The teaching of the classics is a vicious circle if its only aim is to train up other teachers of the classics. We must bisect ourselves, and play the specialist in such leisure as remains to us when our chief mission is accomplished. We can all keep a piece of work upon our desks and add a touch now and then. We can all do something, and what imports is not the quantity or rapidity

of our output, but its quality and the sense which it imparts to us of fellowship in the world of scholars and participation in the common task. But whether we do or do not enroll ourselves among the "investigators," our first concern is to be humanists—men of a broad and philosophical culture, based upon, but not confined to, the classics. Some specialists humanize themselves by cultivating a hobby remote from their specialty. For the classical philologist the better course is to take his specialty in a large and liberal way. "How is it possible," asks Montaigne, "that a soul enriched with the knowledge of so many things is not thereby quickened and enlarged? How can a gross and vulgar mind entertain without enlargement the discourses and the judgments of the most excellent spirits the world has borne? Of that I am in doubt." He need not have doubted. It is not possible. The type of scholar to whom his words point does not know the discourses and the judgments of the great spirits of antiquity. He knows the languages more or less accurately. He has construed as a student or with students certain books. He has from time to time concentrated his ingenuity and industry upon some one of the endless problems presented by the gaps in the record. But he does not know the thoughts of the ancients in their true perspective and proportion, in their right relation to one another, and to the modern world. Such knowledge is of itself a broad and liberal education, and within the measure of his natural parts will make of its possessor one of the competent—a leader and intellectual force in his day and generation. It is an ideal. But only as we strive toward it will our teaching be effective, or our investigations fall into the right focus. It provides the soil and atmosphere indispensable to all sound undistorted growths of specialized scholarship. "The true teacher of science," says Clifford, "will above all have studied that history of culture itself which is the great unifier and justifier of all our teaching." But plainly this is precisely what the teacher of science as such can never do—he can at the most write "*Draper's History of the Intellectual Development of Europe*." We alone hold the keys to that domain—not as philologists, but as classical philologists and humanists. And our neglect to enter it, our abandonment of it to the helpless tentatives of our colleagues in English literature, philosophy, history,

and sociology, is the "great refusal" which, if maintained, will maim our individual mental growth, convert our scholarship to pedantry, deprive us of our due leadership in collegiate education, and take the very life and soul from our teaching.

But I must not close with words of ill omen. *Sume superbiam quaesitam meritis* should be our watchword—a pride, not in our own merits, which may be slight indeed, but in the great minds whose interpreters we are to a continent where "Caesar's eagles never flew," and where those dead and sceptered spiritual sovereigns shall yet exercise a wider sway than that which the bard promised to the posterity of Boadicea. We are the custodians of a glorious tradition, which is not destined to pass away, because the splendid achievements of science and the temporary vogue of newer disciplines have for the hour dimmed its luster to the popular eye. Not the least precious fruit of reunions such as this will be our quickened sense of its grandeur, our confirmed faith that its power and potency in modern life and education is not yet spent.